

Terms.

Two Dollars per annum, in advance.
Two Dollars & Fifty Cents for six months.
Three Dollars at the end of the year.

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one dollar; for additional insertions, one
square, for one square, per annum, five
dollars. For one fourth of a column, fifteen
dollars. For half column, twenty dollars.
For one column, thirty dollars.

Poetry.

STANZAS.

WRITTEN IN A GRAVE YARD.

Tread lightly! though ye may not wake
The slumberer below:
Tread lightly! for a brother's sake!
'Tis Nature whispers so
The nameless stone may mark the spot
Where one beloved is laid,
By weeping friendship unbegotten,
Do not its calm invade.

Tread lightly! here perchance the form
That held a glorious mind;
The heart that throbbed with feelings warm,
Is now in earth enshrined.
Ye would have bowed before the flame
That kindled in his eye:
So let his grave your reverence claim,
Pass it not rudely by!

Tread lightly! here a Mother's love
Perhaps has found a rest.
Or the green turf a happy abode
An angel Father's breast:
Ye too have parents, shall the name
Not win a tender thought?
Remember those who feel the same,
A mother's kiss the spot!

Tread lightly! youth and beauty here,
By every eye adored,
By promised virtues rendered dear,
Is to the earth restored:
Cut down before the noonday hour
Had dimmed a single eye:
Who would not mourn the broken flower?
Blest be its resting place!

Tread lightly! tis but fancy's thought
That when our souls are gone,
The mould'ring shrine is not forgot
By those who linger on:
Yet 'tis a sweetly soothing trust,
A hope which all have known,
That in morn's still shall guard the dust,
Beneath its token-stone.

Tread lightly! the ven'rous bath power
To wake the slumbering dead:
Reverse their relics till but hour
Hush! be each narrow bed -
And may the sound of bird and stream
The cedar's shadowy gleam,
At morning rise, and evening breeze,
Bless round each peaceful tomb.

WILT THOU REMEMBER ME?

When we have met no more to meet
And years have parted me and thee,
Wilt thou remember once how fleet
We thought the hours - and yet how sweet
Wilt thou remember me?

When lone, at eve, within thy bower,
Thou sat'st in silent reverie;
Say - in the dream of that still hour,
When fancy yields to memory's power,
Wilt thou remember me?

When friends are met and mirth is loud,
And every tongue is praising thee,
One moment with thee quit the crowd,
One moment turn, thy looks to shroud,
Wilt thou remember me?

And when thy silence muses o'er
For whither wand'ring and merry glee,
Will me thy glee and whisper word
One moment to thyself, and
Wilt thou remember me?

And when to reach thy lip a dew
Some happier days bring o'er thee -
While he is pouring vow on vow,
While he is praising, say, wilt thou
Remember only me?

ADVENTURE OF A RANGER.

We do not know that we can fill a few
pages more profitably, than by relating an
adventure of our neighbor and friend Mr.
Higgins, as we have heard it from his
own mouth. He resides within a few
miles of Vandalia, and receives a position
in the United States for his services.
Mr. Higgins is a man of strict veracity,
his companions have corroborated his
narrative, and his wounds afford ample
proof of his courage and skill.

Tom Higgins, as he is usually called,
is a native of Kentucky; and is one of
the best examples extant of the genuine
back-woodsman. During the last war, at
the age of nineteen, he enlisted in the
rangers, a corps of mounted men, raised
expressly for the protection of the west-
ern frontiers. On the 30th of August
1814, he was one of a party of twelve
men, under the command of Lieutenant
Journey, who were posted at Hill's Sta-
tion, a small stockade, about eight miles
south of the present village of Greenville,
and something more than twenty miles
from Vandalia. These towns were not

then in existence; and the surrounding
country was a vast wilderness. During
the day last mentioned Indian signs were
seen about half a mile from the station,
and at night the savages were discovered
prowling near the fort, but no alarm was
given. On the following morning early,
Mr. Journey moved out with his party in
pursuit of the Indians. Passing round
the fence of a cornfield adjoining the fort,
they struck across the prairie, and had
not proceeded more than a quarter of a
mile, when in crossing a small ridge,
which was covered with a hazle thicket,
and in full view of the station they fell in-
to an ambuscade of the Indians, who rose
suddenly around them, to the number of
70 or 80, and fired. Four of the party
were killed, among whom was Lieutenant
Journey; another fell badly wounded,
and the rest fled except Higgins.

It was an uncommonly sultry morning,
the day was just dawning; a heavy dew
had fallen the preceding night; the air
was still and humid, and the smoke from
the guns hung in a heavy cloud over the
spot. Under cover of this cloud, Hig-
gin's surviving companions had escaped,
supposing that all that were left dead, or
that at all events it would be madness to
rescue them from so overwhelming a
force. Higgins' horse had been shot
through the neck, and fell to his knees
and rose again several times. Believing
the animal to be mortally wounded, he
dismounted, but finding that the wound
had not greatly disabled him, he continued
to hold the bridle; for as he now felt con-
fident of being able to make good his re-
treat he determined to fire off his gun be-
fore he retired. He looked round for a
tree. There was but one small elm and
he made for this, intending to shoot from
behind it, but at this moment the cloud of
smoke rose partially from before him,
disclosing to his view a number of Indians,
none of whom discovered him. One of
them stood within a few paces loading
his gun, and Higgins took a deliberate aim
at him and fired and the Indian fell. Mr.
Higgins still concealed by the smoke, re-
loaded his gun, mounted and turned to
fly, when a low voice near him, hailed
him with, 'Tom, you won't leave me!'

On looking round, he discovered the
speaker to be one of his companions, named
Burgess, who was lying wounded on
the ground, and replied instantly, 'No, I'll
not leave you; come along, and I'll take
care of you.'

I can't come, replied Burgess, my leg
is smashed all to pieces.
Higgins sprang from his saddle, and
picking up his comrade, whose ankle bone
was broken, in his arms, he proceeded to
lift him on his horse, telling him to fly,
and that he would make his way on foot.
But the horse taking fright at this in-
stant, darted off, leaving Higgins with his
wounded friend on foot. Still the cool
cavalry of the former was sufficient for
every emergency, and setting Burgess
down gently, he told him, now my good
friend, you must hop off on your three
legs, while I stay between you and the
Indians and keep them off - instructing
him at the same time to get into the high-
est grass and crawl as close to the ground
as possible. Burgess followed his advice,
and escaped unnoticed. History does
not relate a more disinterested act of hero-
ism, than this of Higgins, who having
in his hands the certain means of escape
from such imminent peril, voluntarily
gave them up, by offering his horse to
a wounded comrade; and who when that
generous intention was defeated, and his
own retreat was still practicable, remain-
ed at the hazard of his life to protect his
crippled friend.

The cloud of smoke which had partial-
ly opened before him, as he faced the en-
emy, still lay thick behind him, as he
plunged through this, he left it to gather
with the ridge, and the hazle thicket, be-
tween him and the main body of the In-
dians, and was retiring unobserved by them.
Under these circumstances, it is probable
that if he had retreated in a direct line
towards the station he might easily have
escaped his captives; but Burgess was
slowly crawling away in that direction,
and the gallant Higgins, who coolly sur-
veyed the whole ground, foresaw that if
he pursued the same track and should be
discovered, his friend would be endan-
gered. He therefore took the heroic resolu-
tion of diverging from the true course so
far, as that any of the enemy who should
follow him, would not fall in with Bur-
gess. With this intention, he moved
silently along through the smoke and
hazle, intending when he emerged, to
retreat at full speed. But as he left the
thicket he beheld a large Indian near him,
two others on the side, in the direction
of the fort. Tom coolly surveyed his
foes, and began to chalk out his track;
for although in the confidence of his re-
solvence and courage, he felt undismayed
at such odds, yet he found it necessary to
act the general. Having an enemy on
each flank, he determined to separate
them, and fight them singly. Making
for a ravine, which was not far off, he
bounded away, but soon found that one
of his limbs failed him, having received
a ball in the first fire, which until now he

had scarcely noticed. The largest Indian
was following him closely. Higgins sev-
eral times turned to fire, but the Indian
would halt and dance about to prevent
him from taking aim; and Tom knew
that he could not afford to fire at random.
The other two were now close on him and
he found that unless he could dispose of
the first one he must be overpowered. -
He therefore halted determined to receive
a fire; and the Indian, at a few paces dis-
tant raised his rifle. Higgins watched
his adversary's eye, and just as he thrust
his finger pressed the trigger, suddenly
threw his side to him. It is probable that
this motion saved his life, for the ball en-
tered his thigh, which would pierce his
body. Tom fell but rose again, and ran,
and the largest Indian certain of his prey,
loaded again, and then with the two oth-
ers, pursued. They soon came near.
Higgins had fallen, and as he rose, they
all three fired, and he received all their
balls. He now fell and rose several
times, and the Indians throwing away
their guns, advanced on him with spears
and knives. They frequently charged up-
on him, but upon his presenting his gun
at one or the other they fell back. At
last, the largest one thinking probably
from Tom's reserving his fire so long,
that his gun was empty, charged boldly
upon him; and Higgins, with a steady aim
shot him dead.

With four bullets in his body with an
empty gun, two Indians before him, and
a whole tribe but a few rods off, almost
any other man would have been dis-
paired. - But Tom Higgins had no such notion.
The Indian whom he had last slain was
the most dangerous of the three; and he
felt little fear of the others. He had been
near enough to see their eyes and he
knew human nature sufficiently to dis-
cover that he was superior in courage. -
He therefore faced them, and began to
load his rifle. They raised a whoop and
rushed on him. They kept their distance
as long as his rifle was loaded, said he,
but now when they knew it was empty
they were better soldiers. A fierce and
bloody contest ensued. The Indians
rushing upon Tom, stabbed him in many
places; - but it happened, fortunately,
that the shafts of their spears were
thin poles, rigged hastily for this occa-
sion, which bent whenever the point
struck a rib, or encountered the opposi-
tion of one of Higgins' tough muscles. -
From this cause, and the continual ex-
ertion of his hand and rifle in warding off
their thrusts, the wounds that were made
were not deep, but his whole front was
covered with gashes of which the scars yet remain
in honorable proof of his valor. At last
one of them threw his tomahawk; the
edge sunk deep in Higgins' cheek, passed
through his ear which it severed, laid
bare his skull to the back of his head,
and stretched him on the plain. The In-
dians rushed on; but Tom instantly re-
covered his self possession and kept them
off with his feet and hands, until he suc-
ceeded in grasping one of their spears,
which, as the Indians attempted to pull it
from him aided him to rise; and clubbing
his rifle, he rushed upon the nearest of
his foes, and dashed his brains out; in do-
ing which he broke the stock to pieces,
retaining only the barrel in his hand.

The other Indian, however, warily he
had fought before, now came manfully in-
to battle. It is probable that he felt his
character as a warrior at stake. To
have fled from a man desperately wound-
ed, and almost disarmed, or to have suf-
fered his victim to escape, would have
ruined his manhood. Uttering a ter-
rific yell, he rushed on, attempting to stab
the exhausted ranger, while the latter
warded off the blow with one hand, brand-
ishing his rifle barrel in the other. The
Indian unwounded, was now by far the
most powerful man; but the moral cour-
age of our hero prevailed, and the savage,
unable to bear the fierce glance of his
untamed eye, began to retreat slowly to-
ward the place where he had dropped his
rifle. Tom knew that if the Indian re-
covered his gun, his own case was hope-
less; and throwing away his rifle he real-
ized his hunting knife, and rushed in
upon him. A desperate strife ensued,
and several deep gashes were inflicted
on the Indian, succeeded in casting Hig-
gins from him, and ran to the spot where
he had thrown down his gun, while Tom
searched for the gun of the other Indian.
Thus the two, bleeding and out of breath,
were both searching for arms to renew
the conflict.

By this time the smoke which lay be-
tween the combatants and the main body
of the Indians had passed away, and a
number of the latter having passed a haz-
le thicket were in full view. It seemed,
therefore, as if nothing could save our
heroic ranger. But relief was at hand.
The little garrison at the station, six or
seven in number, had witnessed the whole
of this remarkable combat. There was
among them a heroic woman, Mrs.
Pursley, who when she saw Higgins con-
tending singly with a foe urged the men
to go to his rescue. The rangers at first
considered the case as hopeless, as the
Indians outnumbered them ten to one.
But Mrs. Pursley declaring that so fine a

fellow as Tom should not be lost for want
of help, snatched a rifle out of her hus-
band's hand, and jumping on to a horse,
sallied out. The men who would not be
out done by a woman followed, full gallop,
towards the place of combat. A scene of
intense interest ensued. The Indians at
the thicket had just discovered Tom, and
were rushing down towards him with
savage yells - his friends were spur-
ring their horses to reach him first. - Higgins
exhausted with loss of blood, had fallen
and fainted. While his adversary, too
intent on his prey to observe anything
else, was looking for a rifle. The rangers
reached the battle ground first. Mrs.
Pursley, who knew Tom's spirit thought
he had thrown himself down in despair for
the loss of his gun, and tendered him the
one she carried; but Tom was past shoot-
ing. His friends lifted him up, and threw
him across a horse before one of his party,
and turned to retreat just as the Indi-
ans came up. They made good their re-
treat, and the Indians retired.

After being carried into the fort, he
remained insensible for some days, and
his life was preserved with difficulty by
his friends who extracted all the bullets
but two, which remained in his thigh;
one of which gave him a great deal of
pain for several years, although the flesh
was healed. At length he heard that a
physician had settled within a day's ride
of him, whom he went to see. The physi-
cian was willing to extract the ball but
asked the moderate sum of fifty dollars
for the operation. This Tom flatly re-
fused to give, as it was more than half a
year's support. And as he rode home he
turned the matter in his mind, and deter-
mined upon a cheaper plan. When he
reached home he requested his wife to
hand him a razor. The exercise of rid-
ing had so chilled the part, that the ball
which usually was not discovered to the
touch, could be felt. With the assistance
of his help-mate, he very deliberately hid
open his thigh until the edge of the razor
touched the bullet and inserting his two
thumbs into the gash, fired it out, as he
assured us, without costing a cent. The
other ball remains in his limb yet, but
gives him no trouble, except when he
uses violent exercise. He is now one of
the most successful hunters in the country,
and it still takes the best kind of a man
to handle him.

From the Philadelphia Mirror.
PROBABLY PIRA Y AND MURDER.
From intelligence from Key West, as
to the 4th inst. we gather the following
horrible account: -

Capt. H. Bennett, of the wrecking
scholar United States, reports, that the
found, near Cape Florida light house, the
hull of a vessel, supposed to be a Spanish
schooner, dismantled, having been upset,
being full of water. She had on board
about 30 boxes of cotton, and a number
of boxes were taken to Key West in the
chairs. Among them Susan Hooper. -
Capt. Bennett further reports that he
found in the hold of said vessel the body
of a man, which had a gash of consider-
able size on the forehead. Also two
feet two hands, and one upper and one
lower jaw of a man. The vessel appears
to be nearly new, of about 100 tons bur-
den, copper fastened. No name could be
found upon her. There was found also
in said vessel one trunk containing a
clothing, one shirt was marked
E. P. There was also found a bundle of
American newspapers dated from the 5th
to the 20th of January, 1837, consisting
of the Globe, Sun, and Courier; with a
small tin box, containing a gold watch,
chain and seal, some gold coin, some
Chinese puzzle, and a hand press, with
the following name in type - LUCIANO
FORNASARI. Of course every thing
concerning the ill-fated vessel is left to
conjecture; but the probability is that she
had been a prey to pirates, who acted up-
on the proverb that "dead men tell no
tale," on this a portion of her crew had
been upon the rest, and committed the
crime, loaded the vessel with every thing
portable, of value, and then left the scene
of their crime to the small boats, after
which she must have been captured by the
winds.

The New York Sun says - There is too
much reason to believe that the Luciano
Fornasari mentioned, is the celebrated
Latin vagabond of that name, so well
known in this city as the principal base
of Montecassini's company, and who has
been some years performing with great
success as a Mexican captain. His con-
stitution name was designated to cover
the names found, and the watches, watch-
es &c. seem to correspond with the in-
ference that they were his property.

Hardly of attention. - A discovery is
said to have been made that the bodies
of men or animals be plunged for some
time in a solution of corrosive sublimate,
and afterwards dried, they assume the
consistency of wood, and the air produ-
ces no effect upon them; and if the bodies
be injected before they are plunged into
the liquid, they will retain the color
and appearance of life, and so perfectly
from anatomies far more perfect than the
Egyptians. - Med. Jour.

THE THAMES TUNNEL. - The dan-
gerous part of the river has been pass-
ed. In a short period the works will be
carried beyond low water mark, and then
much greater progress will be made. The
progress since the resumption of the
works is 135 feet. From a statement of
accounts, it appears that in the last half
year the company had received £20,000
from Government, the expense of work
and salaries had been £2,000, and the
receipts from visitors £175 17s - Eng-
paper.

Lately Married. - You see that grim
looking young man yonder, with smoky
chin, countenance all in smiles, neatly
trimmed whiskers, dove-colored stock
white vest, well liked boots new brush-
ed to the coat, and partisans, shining sil-
ver on his arm a hands-me-up mark-
basket, filled with the delicacies of the
season. "Yes" - how else could he walk
so erect, too as a May pole, his head a
minor globe, though it were sunk on
pivot - a nod for every body, and a
smile a check to each timid smile.
He seems the happiest man alive, and in
good humor with all the world. "Ye-
well what of him?" "Well? why? he
got married last week."

Absence of mind. - The Mephisto in-
quiescences in the human mind. A
gentleman bachelor, falling in a railway
with a sweet little prairie, resting in the
mother's arms, intending to kiss it, be-
fore kissing its mother, and was only ap-
prised of his mistake by the fiat of the
landlady.

From Fraser's Magazine for February.
AS ENE IN THE KERRY OR CHU CHU
"Let me see the exception of a slave in
my name" - Mid June 1837's Dream.
During a short tour in the month of
July, 1830, I became weather-bound on
Saturday afternoon in the pleasant little
village of Tockelbrook, and was compelled
to throw myself for a day or two on
the tender mercies of mine host of the
Pig and Blunderbuss. It was desperately
hot; the sky pall'd in the duce of
smoke of hell; the barometer and ther-
mometer at variance, and in the most
distant terms, the result of the whole
being a thunder-shower, which might
have passed muster with Noah for a suk-
king lung; or a storm of rain, which
I was glad to escape from that caten-
ment of spit and dust and deluged lanky
pipes, developed by courtesy the best par-
lor, to the satisfactory atmosphere of the
neighboring church yard. The only vis-
ible tenant of this place, besides myself
was a huge big cat, who appeared to be
muzzling among the toms, as if endeavor-
ing to awake to companionship some
departed bachelor of the anti-Malthusian
club; when, perceiving me, and fancy-
ing perhaps that I might be the said
Malthus, or Miss Martineau in unwhis-
perable, he approached with such indubi-
table symptoms of hostility, that I was
under the necessity of rebuffing his at-
tacks with the butt end of my horse-whip.

The exterior of the church was a char-
acter of antiquity, which bespoke my curi-
osity for a further investigation; but,
from the height of the windows on one
side, and the dirty opacity of the glass on
the other, I was obliged to defer the in-
ternal survey until the morrow. On re-
turning to the parlor of mine inn, taking
his ease in the chair I had recently
vacated, was a respectably-dressed, un-
commonly lithe personage, whose latitude
and longitude presented the same relative
proportions as those usually bestowed on
a collar of brown - the reason being there-
unto being still further maintained in the
mystic lustre of his visage. This worthy
lay coiled up, like a hedgehog, in the
extreme recesses of the capacious chair,
and proclaimed triumphantly through his
nasal trumpet the victory he had achiev-
ed over the cares of this world. Being
some what tired myself, I left him to the
society of Morpheus and his empty rum-
mies, and soon tumbled into bed. To the
mutual annoyance of myself and a pro-
fane colony of flies, whose claim to the
title of "industrious" was amply establish-
ed on various parts of my body corporate
during the night. Having taken summary
vengeance on some score of these
fascinatingists, I descended to breakfast
to the tune of the matin chiming; and in
dation repaired to the church, where ac-
cording to custom was proffered me by a
well-to-do-looking family, evidently of some
note in the village, from the spacious seat
in bays and brass bedight, and the stal-
wart build of their prayer books. Almost
in a line with my locale, on the opposite
side of the aisle, was a large aristocratic-
looking pew, unoccupied, save by sundry
scarlet cushions of esdible plumpness,
and corner pillow to match, right prettily
in dimension. The service had proceeded
to the end of the first lesson, and I was
speculating with myself to what magnitude
of ease might appertain, when a bawl in
the aisle, immediately leading to it inter-
rupted my cogitations, and, lo!

"Let me inform you, as a matter,
Re from his place" - "Oh, no!"
To please and to please the air,
or, rather, like a twelve-inch globe, in
flame-colored taffeta, appeared the bur-
nished front piece of the very worthy
whom I left snoring on the previous eve-
ning in the parlor of the Pig and Blun-
derbuss. That he was a stranger, was
evident from the inquiring glances he shot
off in quest of a seat; yet nobody took
him in. Either the pews in his imme-
diate vicinity were already occupied, or the
propriety of any chance vacancies man-
ifested no great alacrity in seeking a near-
er contact with this little ignis fatuus. In
this dilemma his eyes at length lighted
on the gorgeous vacuum before-mentioned,
and, entertaining, with D-m-natur, a
charitable allowance for such a state,
he made for the open door, and without
hesitation trundled his puggy periphery
into the snugest corner of the pew, and
appropriated a brace of the well stuffed
pillows for the especial solace of his dor-
sal extremities. Here he nestled like a
mouse in a meal-tub, and, if I mistake
not, slept, until aroused by the pulmona-
ry efforts of the choir and congrega-
tion giving due effect to the old 160th Psalm.
However, at the singing he stood up, and,
non-overpaid decorous observance to the
established ritual during the common ser-
vice, and the succeeding psalm. But
scarcely had the latter tumult dwindled
to a calm, ere his limbs were again con-
signed to the soothing embraces of cush-
ion and pillow; his hands, linked together,
reposed in affectionate guardianship on
his simple diaphragm - his lobster-like eye-
balls pecked their ineffectual fires - the
ids flickered like an expiring rushlight,
and he gradually merged into a state of
total oblivion, with the startling text, "A-
wake, thou that sleepest!" for his lullaby.
In spite of the zeal and eloquence of the
preacher, which were of no common or-
der, I could not prevent my attention ever
and anon swerving from the subject of
the discourse to the insensate lump of
mortality in the opposite pew; more es-
pecially as the recollection of the last
night's nasal powers begat a nervous ap-
prehension lest a similar performance
should subject his present untimely eclipse
to a public rebuke from the pulpit. My
anxiety, however, on this head, was
speedily directed to an object which threat-
ened an interruption of more formidable
character. In consequence of the exces-
sive heat of the weather, some of the
loose of the church were necessarily left
open during the service. Now, whether
I was that he only meditated a retreat
from the fervor of the noonday sun, or
that he was compelled to seek the shelter
of the sacred edifice from the wanton an-
noyance of certain profane loiterers in
the church-yard, I know not; but certain
it is that my bearded enemy of the pre-
vious evening, he got before noticed, and
his appearance in the porch, imme-
diately within my ken; and after execut-
ing a preloxy pas-sed, not strictly of the
Tagioni school, he gradually insinuated
himself through the aisle, until he
came directly opposite the open pew oc-
cupied by the unconscious contemner of
the text. Here he planted himself, and
deliberately surveyed our hero with a cu-
riosity of attention. Naturalists, learned in
the domestic economy of these animals,
assert that they are, for the most part, of
a hardstrong disposition, and much given
to warfare among themselves; and more-
over, that their signal for battle is invari-
ably conveyed by three nods of the
head. How far this is worthy of credit,
I am unable to verify beyond the in-
stance now narrating. However, the imme-
diate object of the goat's contemplation
had by this time taken a far journey into
the land of Nod; and soon acknowledged
the attention of the animal by a low of lolloping
profundity. Billy, as if perceiving
some indefinite symptoms of enmity
about him, answered it with a short nod
of defiance; a second declension of the
head met with a similar response; and
the third dip had scarcely reached zero
ere the challenge was accepted by the
goat, who, lowering his horns, rushed
full butt through the doorway, and pitch-
ed into his supposed antagonist in a style
which would no have disgraced the pri-
mordial days of Cribb or the Game Chicken.
In a few moments after the collision, the
church was in an universal uproar. The
seat door was closed on the combat-
ants; and our hero, thus under manitous
recalled to his senses, and a half
consciousness of the scene of his delin-
quency, verily believed himself delivered
over as a prey to the fiercest fiend in person.
In the extremity of his fear he seized one
of the pillows, which he brandished as a
shield, and the which at the next onset be-
came fixed on the horns of the enemy.
In this state, an energetic kick deposited
the latter in the opposite corner of the
pew, where our little man pelted him with
prayer-books, bibles, pillows, hymn-books,
lassocks, and every other extempore
piece of ammunition within his reach; af-
ter which in a paroxysm of bewilderment,
he scrambled into and over some score of
seats and pews with the agility of a chim-
panzee, bolted like a blazing meteor thro'
the nearest doorway, and finally effected
a lodgment in his bed-room, at the Pig
and Blunderbuss, in a state little short of
insanity.

On my return to the inn, some two
hours after this extraordinary exhibition,
I demanded from the waiter what had be-
come of the gentleman who had played so
conspicuous a part in it, and I learned that
he had not yet of his apartment. Consider-
ing the state of excitement in which he
must have entered it, this seemed to me
somewhat odd; and I could not help en-
tertaining vague conjectures that a sense
of shame, consequent on his recent expo-
sure, had driven him to commit some act of
desperation on his own person. However,